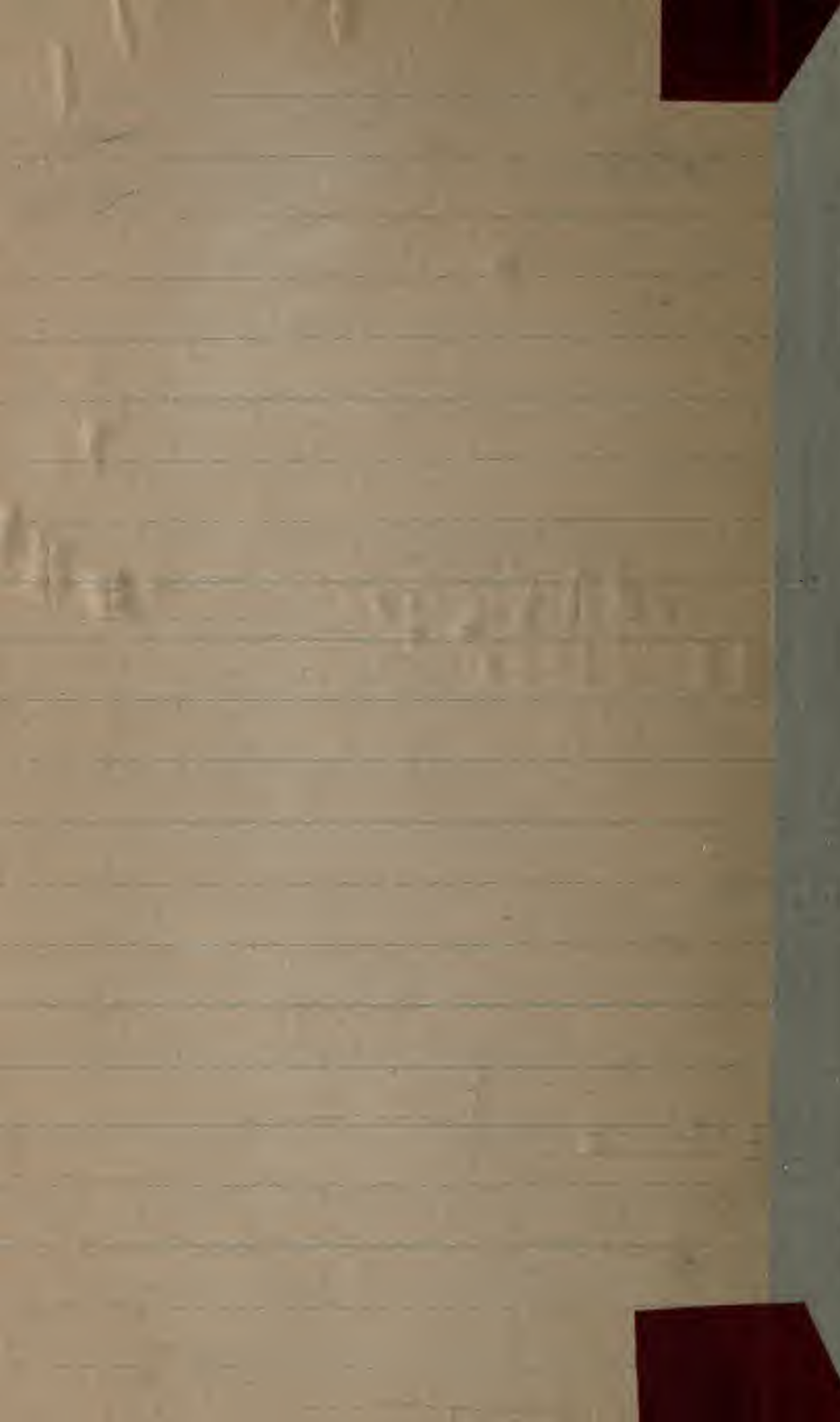




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ADELINE,

THE

Victim of Seduction:

A MELO-DRAMATIC

SERIOUS DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS:

Altered from the French of Monsieur R. C. Guilbert Pixérécourt,

AND ADAPTED

TO THE ENGLISH STAGE:

BY

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

Saturday Evening, February 9, 1822.

LONDON:

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OF ACTING PERSONS.



Prince Durstein, the Sovereign's favourite,
and Prime Minister *Mr. Bromley.*
Count Wilhelm, his Son, assuming the
name of Fabian *Mr. Penley.*
Baron Remberg, Wilhelm's friend, and
the Sovereign's Chamberlain, *Mr. Thompson.*
Dorlin, an old invalid Soldier, blind, . . . *Mr. Cooper.*
Kertzler, a Gardener, *Mr. Knight.*
Gratz, Wilhelm's Valet, *Mr. Webster.*
Albin, a Servant of the Prince, *Mr. Willmott.*
Paulo *Mr. Howell.*

Lords, Servants, Peasantry, Dancers, &c. &c.

Adeline, Dorlin's Daughter, *Miss Copeland.*
Countess Blanche, Wife of Wilhelm, *Miss Smithson.*

Ladies of the Court, Attendants, &c.

Scene.—*GERMANY.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE interest which "Valentine" excited at Paris, was as extraordinary as that of any Drama ever produced in that capitol, and its attraction was commensurate with its interest.

The translation now presented, under the title of ADELINÉ, is from the pen of MR. JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, and the only liberty taken since its arrival in England, has been the alteration of a few phrases, and a partial, but certainly an effective, deviation in the catastrophe.

R. W. ELLISTON.

9, *Stratford Place*.
Feb. 19, 1822.

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NEW EDITION.

2, St. James Place,
Feb. 19, 1892.

ADELINE,

THE

Victim of Seduction.

ACT I.

SCENE: A GARDEN ON THE RIGHT HAND; FACING THE AUDIENCE, A SMALL BUT BEAUTIFUL MANSION, THE ENTRANCE TO WHICH IS THROUGH AN OPEN PORTICO, RAISED A FEW STEPS FROM THE GROUND. ON THE LEFT, A HIGH WALL, STRETCHING OBLIQUELY ACROSS THE STAGE, THE OPPOSITE EXTREMITY LOST TO VIEW IN THE WINGS.—SHRUBS, TREES AND FLOWERS ARE SCATTERED PICTURESQUELY.—ON THE SAME SIDE, THERE IS A SMALL GARDEN DOOR.

A shriek is heard from the house.—Adeline rushes out, runs to the garden door, and finds it locked; totters to the centre of the stage, and sits upon a garden chair. Kertzer follows Adeline, evidently in great grief. Music commences.

Adel. Great Heaven!—not wedded!

B

Kert. You make me sorry I ever said a word about it; come now, don't take on so—cheerly, mistress, cheerly!

Adel. (wildly) Mistress! oh, what a fatal meaning that word forces on me!—Mistress!—but yesterday the light-hearted, innocent, unsuspecting Adeline:—to-day!—(*rises*) and the female who shared this mockery of wedlock—your master's mother—the mother of Fabian——?

Kert. (hesitating) Of Fabian? of my master?

Adel. Whence this embarrassment?

Kert. Why the gentleman that pretended to take you for his wife, an't my master; and, as for the woman——

Adel. Well—well—

Kert. She's only master's house-keeper. She was drest up to act her part among the rest.

Adel. Agony! agony!

Kert. As for Mr. Fabian, as *you* call him, he's only a friend of master's.

Adel. Who then is your master?

Kert. He that read the service, and wore the outside of the priest: his black robe, was the emblem of his heart.

Adel. This house then, belongs to——

Kert. To my master. He's a great lord, as they say—a sort of chamberlain to the sovereign, as I take it: they tell me he's got many houses, and that's very like, for he only comes here once in a way; and the more shame too, that such a fellow should have more houses than he can live in, when humble virtue so often has not where to lay its head.

Adel. Now, now I see the horror of my situation. I see the abyss their crime has opened to me.

Kert. Ah, young lady, if I had only known 'twas n't all done with your accord, I'd have snatched the good book out of his hand, though he were twenty masters. But they told me lies; I had a sort of notion of the truth to be sure, but I've not much of a head, so I couldn't make it out clear, but for all that my fingers itched to tear out the tongue that

I feared was making the word of Heaven a pander to the schemes of vice!

Adel. Oh! when the flood of confidence is thus turned back upon itself, how awful to the trusting heart is the revulsion! Oh, Fabian! Oh, cruel Fabian! how dreadful the necessity of despising those we've loved!

Kert. Now pray be calm—you thought all for the best: since I guessed what was going on, I haven't been able to eat or sleep: I should have died if I'd held my tongue; but if you don't cheer up, I shall die now with grieving.

Adel. Don't mind me, I shall be better presently—you will make me happy if—

Kert. Happy! if I could see you happy again, I shouldn't mind dying.

Adel. Set me free then—the gate is locked; open it—let me fly.

Kert. There, again! there are days that the devil seems to have all to himself, and sure this is one of 'em. Master, and your Mr. Fabian, and the housekeeper, each have a key; I can't get the gate open without first asking them, and you know they've been gone all these five hours.

Adel. A prisoner too! well, well!—Go, bring me the simple garment in which I came hither yesterday: go, good fellow.

Kert. (aside) Ah! good fellow! what a comfort it is to be called good by those that are so good themselves. Good fellow! *(to Adel.)* Yes, Miss, I'll run: *(aside)* Good fellow!

[Exit into the house.]

Adel. (alone) No, I deserve no pity. My fate is merited. I forsook my father's counsels. For twenty years I was innocent and happy. I was every thing to that good old man. I was his only thought, his only hope. He warned me of my danger, yet I have fallen into the snare. The foolish expectation, that time would reconcile him to the marriage!—Oh, that that hour could be effaced for ever

from the book of time! Razed from the memory's record! His life's decline is poisoned! the couch of his age is strewn with thorns, and all by me. By me, his Idol! and what a heart will break for the fault of Adeline! ah, what a heart! Oh, my father! my poor, blind, forsaken father!

Kert. [*without*] Miss Adeline! Miss Adeline!

Adel. Well.

Kert. [*running in with gown*] Quick, quick, take the gown; there's master, and your Mr. Fabian coming along the road. I saw'em from the chamber window.

Adel. Let me hasten from them, in yon summer house, there let me cast off these trappings of shame, there let me hide from the destroyers.

Going up stage, Kertzler runs and brings her back.

Kert. Wait a bit Miss—an hour or two by yourself in the summer house, would'nt be so very terrible, but what'll you do after? Hey? What can you do? remember the gates are never open, always lock'd, they'll hunt after you; what will you do?

Adel. No matter what! (*distractedly*).

Kert. Now I wish I was a genius, that something might come into my head, but——

Adel. (*aside*) Hold! there's no resource but that—I'll send thither to beg: (*to Kert.*) Kertzler! may I depend on you?

Kert. Ah, miss, that's unkind; your doubt brings the tears into my eyes.

Adel. Do you know Ambrose-street?—a little street on the outskirts of the city; not far off I should think, for we were but a moment on the way thence hither.

Kert. I can't say I do. I've never been out but twice since I came up from our village; but I'll find it—aye, if it can befriend you, were it in the moon I'd find it;——

[*Noise at the gate.*] Hark! run to your hiding-place—they're at the gate. I'll contrive to come to you presently.

Adel. (going) Pronounce my name at the door: I shall open it to none but *you*.

Exit Adeline up the stage.

Kert. (alone) Poor dear girl! there's a sort of charm in the very tone of her voice, that goes straight home to the heart, and he must be a brute that can withstand it. She wants to escape—aye, there's your true virtue; any body may tumble into bad ways, but there's always something sterling about those that do the best they can to scramble out of 'em. I've seen such things since I've been in this house, that I'm afraid I shan't do it the honour of my presence much longer. No, I'll go back to my native village:—better the crust and cold water, earnt with the sweat of the brow among the honest, than fortunes without toil at their hands who delight in making the simple and innocent as wicked as themselves.

Kertzler begins to work with his garden knife—the gate is unlocked.—Baron Remberg enters cautiously—looks about, and then calls to Count Wilhelm.

Baron. All's right, Count—you may come in:—

Enter Count Wilhelm.

(to *Kertzler*) *Kertzler!* where's Adeline? has she seemed composed since we left her?

Kert. Not exactly, master.

Count. (startled and agitated.) How! has she—

Kert. (aside) Half the truth won't do any harm. (*aloud*) The housekeeper had been gone out a quarter of an hour, when, as I was at work, I thought I heard sobs in the chamber there.

Count. (eagerly) Sobs!

Kert. Aye, real downright sobs, so ; (*mimicking*) oh, oh ; I scampered up—the door was lock'd : I thumped—no answer. 'Therefore, as I could do no better, I made up my mind to——

Baron. What ?

Kert. Scamper down again. I dug a little, then listened a little, and all seemed quiet ; but presently I saw Miss Adeline come out with a parcel under her arm ; she asked me to open the gate, but as I had'nt the key——

Count. (*with encreasing emotion.*) Well——

Kert. Why, I couldn't—'hat's all.

Count. Did she say what made her sob thus ?

Kert. Not she. I suppose its because you staid away so much longer than you said you would.

Count. (*aside to Baron.*) Can she suspect ?

Baron. (*aside to Count.*) How should she ?

Count. (*to Kert. rapidly*) Did you tell her any thing ?

Kert. Lord bless you, sir ! what should I tell her ?

Count. Where is she now ?

Kert. Somewhere in the garden.

Count. (*going*) Let me hasten——

Baron. [*detaining him*] Not *you*—prudence—you're too much agitated—you'd spoil all. [*to Kert.*] Kertzler ! seek for her—beg her to return to the house.

Kert. Yes, sir. [*aside*] Just what I wanted—she shall return, but not to this house. I don't care what comes of it—the good action first—Leave the rest to providence !

[*runs out.*]

Count. [*distractedly*] Wretch ! wretch ! wretch !

Baron. Ha ! ha ! what a fuss you make about nothing : you don't deserve your good fortune ; all the young lords in the land would envy you, if they knew all.

Count. Then they're more contemptible. Great stations should give great examples : rank is a stigma when it only makes infamy conspicuous.

Baron. One would really think to look at you, that in-

stead of a triumph from Cupid, you'd a disgrace from court.

Count. I am disgraced in my own opinion, and that is worse.

Baron. Pshaw! take my word for it, she won't regret, though you do.

Count. You have no cause to speak thus lightly of poor Adeline. She, who for two years resisted every artifice, is at least entitled to respect.

Baron. Say rather, admiration. Such a prodigy outdoes old Troy, and deserves an epic to immortalize her, for the benefit of succeeding spinsters!

Count. She deserves the love I feel, and the hand she thinks that she possesses; would to Heaven that she were indeed my wife!

Baron. But a previous wife being in the way, what could you do? Suppose you had given up the chase?—you would only have been laughed at both by the lady and the world.

Count. You do not know her, Remberg. Adeline will detest me as her betrayer, when she would have adored me as a husband.

Baron. Suppose now you had really been the poor artist you pretended, for the sake of getting into the house as her teacher?—as such, suppose now she were really your wife! Oh exquisite perspective! rags, and a fifth story! Now see the other side:—She finds herself a great deal more prosperous; the storm blows over, and she becomes tranquil and happy, finding that you behave in every respect like a man of honour.

Count. Honour! don't insult the word. First make me honest, and then talk of honour.

Baron. You'd better go to the monastery of La Trappe, turn monk, and feast upon self-mortification. I shall be jealous of you—you play the priest better than I did, at the chapel last night.

Count. Ah, there's the barb that rankles. The look of

love and piety with which she pledged her faith, would have made the dagger drop from the up-lifted arm of the murderer! and yet I did not falter! I calmly sacrificed the heart that trusted me! I turned the confidence of innocence into the weapon of its ruin—I insulted the majesty of heaven, even at the altar.

Baron. Out upon your old fashioned notions! In this enlightened age——

Count. Will the enlightened age dry up my bitter tear? Cure this agony of remorse? if 'twill, tell me which way! quick! pour the balm into my wound—the fiends are tearing at it.

Baron. You're a troublesome patient I must admit;—This is your turn of attendance at court—hasten thither—leave Adeline to me—I will sound her—I will prove to her how much her interest, and the prospects of her blind father depend upon her circumspection, and you shall be informed instantly of the result—go, trust to my prudence to make all smooth.

Count. I put my fate into your hands, I cannot live without her pardon and her love.

Baron. You shall have both.

Exit Count at gate, Baron locks it after him, and takes out the key.

Baron. (alone.) I must at least cut off the enemy's retreat, now all's safe, if the girl should prove unmanageable and his father get hold of the affair, we should all be in a fine way.

Kertzler has entered during this speech with a letter, and he is seen to steal from bush to bush to the gate, which he finds locked.

Kert. (aside.) Ha! the gate locked! oh the rascal! what's to be done now? how shall I get out with the letter?

Baron. (starting.) Sure I heard—Oh Kertzler! well, did you find her?

Kert. Aye, master, but she insists on being let out

Baron. Indeed! (*aside*) scandal must be prevented, let me see!

Kert. (*aside*) Ha! I've got it at last, its not so easy, but there's no other way. Your scoundrel will march up to the pistols mouth for a bad action—'twould be hard indeed if a few feet of garden wall should frighten me from a good one. So here goes!

Is seen to climb the wall, and disappears the other side waving his hat as he gets to the top

Baron. (*alone*) Aye, she must be locked into the lower hall, whence escape is impossible. Kertzler! (*calling*) The clouds will soon break away, and then she may be trusted

Adeline appears at the back of the stage in her own plain dress, she approaches cautiously, not seeing Baron.

Adel. (*aside*) Did I not hear the gate unlock, the voices have ceased, now perhaps,—(*Turning sees Baron and shrieks.*) Merciful Providence! that monster!

Recedes. Baron brings her forward.

Baron. Adeline, What means that dress?—what is it you seek here?

Adel. (*with dignity*) Open that gate.

Baron. But first suffer me.

Adel. Unlock that gate I say.

Baron. Whither would you?

Adel. Set me free, release me from this abode of horror and from your presence, yet more horrible.

Baron. At least let me implore.—

Adel. How! do you meditate some new crime? is it not enough to have empoisoned the heart of Fabian? to

have betrayed a simple and inexperienced girl, by a snare into which the most wary might have fallen? you are unmasked. I know the appalling truth, release me from the spot where all is guilt and horror

Baron. (coolly.) To what end is all this violence?

Adel. What? deny me liberty? am I encircled by un-pitying jailors? oh, if you are dead to remorse; refuse me not compassion! I implore you! on my knees implore you, to let me return home to my father! he is blind and succourless. He had no wealth but his daughter's innocence! oh, suffer me to go and die with shame and anguish, at the feet of my poor, deserted father!

Baron. When Fabian returns,—you.—

Adel. Fabian! if we ever meet again, it shall not be in this place.

Baron. But in this state of distraction it would be madness to—come this way—first calm yourself, and then—

Endeavours to draw her towards the house.

Adel. Unhand me. Never will I cross that threshold

Baron. Nay, yield without struggling, Adeline.

Adel. Away!

Baron. Don't force me to use violence.

Adel. Is there no succour?

Baron. You must not go hence.

Adel. Help! oh, help me heaven!

Baron. In vain you seek to escape!

Adel. Do all abandon me?

Baron. You call in vain for help.

Adel. Powers of mercy! save me from these monsters!

A loud knock is heard at the garden gate, both start. A voice exclaims outside

Voice. (without.) Open!

Baron. Ha!

Adel. (aside) Kertzler has kept his word.

Kertzler appears at the top of the wall and descends presently.

Voice. (without) In the King's name, open!

Baron. The King's!

Voice. (without) Open! or we force the gate!

Baron. (troubled) What may this mean? that summons must be answered.

Remberg unlocks the gate, still taking away the key—Dorlin enters—Adeline rushes into his arms.

Adel. Father! protect your child!

Baron. Her father!

Dorl. Don't tremble, child! they sha'n't hurt you in your father's arms.

Baron. Rash old man! dread the king's vengeance for using his name in a fraud.

Dorl. 'Tis when the King's name is borne by knaves like you, his vengeance may be dreaded: the king would be the first to applaud the stratagem by which his name is made to rescue innocence and prevent dishonour.

Baron (violently) Hence!

Dorl. Aye, instantly; but not without my daughter.

Baron. Kertzler! lock that gate. (*gives key to Kertz.*) Your daughter stirs not;—you are prisoners both.

Kert. Not while I have the key!

[*holding it up triumphantly.*]

Baron. [*drawing his sword.*] Insolent slave! you shall be made to know——

Kert. Softly—softly—I happen to know more already than you like! keep your temper, or I'll stir up a swarm of hornets about your ears that shall make your highness shake in your state shoes.

Dorl. That's my honest lad.

Baron. [*aside*] He must be conciliated—were this once known, the prince—[*to Kertz. aside.*] Kertzler, I was hasty, here, accept this, and be silent. [*offers gold.*]

Kert. Not I;—the gold that would stop the mouth that speaks for the helpless when oppressed, is the purchase money of a curse! (*throws down the purse*) I'd sooner have a nest of serpents in my pocket.

Baron [*sneeringly*] Take my defiance then—do your worst and starve!

Kert. Well, and suppose I do starve? I shall carry my honesty with me into the grave, and be happier with that in the next world, than you with all your finery even in this. Old gentleman, get away—get away; the road's clear!—I'm between you and harm.

Dorl. [*going*] Good lad! thanks! thanks!

Adel. Heaven will reward you!

Kert. I am rewarded.

Remberg seeing them going, desperately rushes forward.

Baron. By hell, I will not suffer—

Kert. [*interposing*] Have a care:—I am but a little fellow, I grant ye, but to feel that I'm doing my duty, makes a giant of me.

Baron. We'll try your prowess, then! [*They struggle; Remberg dashes Kertzler up the stage.*] Who triumphs now?

Tableau. Remberg advances towards Dorlin, Adeline interposes.—
Tableau.

Adel. Take, take my life, but do not hurt my father!

Remberg seizes Adeline, and throws her round to the side of the mansion. *Tableau.*

Dorl. Where are you, child?—I'll tear him limb from limb!

During this speech, Adeline runs back to her Father, and Kertzler takes the sword of Dorlin, and points it at Remberg who recoils.—
Tableau.

Kert. Now who triumphs? [*To Dorlin, who is drawn by Adeline towards the gate.*] Out? old soldier! out!

Tableau:—Act-drop falls as Adeline leads Dorlin out at the gate, and Remberg is prevented by Kertzler from following.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE: A PARLOUR IN DORLIN'S HUMBLE DWELLING; IN THE FLAT A DOOR, AND A SMALL WINDOW (THE SHUTTERS CLOSED) AT THE RIGHT HAND OF THE DOOR FACING THE AUDIENCE—THERE ARE TWO DOORS AT THE SIDE WINGS, ONE ON THE LEFT HAND LEADING TO THE OLD MAN'S CHAMBER; AND THE OPPOSITE ONE TO ADELINE'S.—A TABLE LEFT HAND SIDE WITH PENS, INK, AND PAPER; TWO CHAIRS.

Adeline opens the door and enters first.

Adel. (alone) Humble roof! beneath which for twenty years I knew only innocence and peace, would I ne'er had forsaken thee!

She throws herself on a seat absolved in thought, Dorlin enters led by Kertzler, they guide him to a chair, he sits down.

Dor. Thank heaven, at last we're safe in port!

Kert. Aye, but not without a tempest.

Dor. You're a noble seaman Kertzler, and but for you we never should have weathered the tempest.

Kert. Its a wonder that people should be so fond of

doing harm, when even a poor devil like myself can be made so happy by doing only a little good.

Dor. I'm sorry you should have lost your place by it.

Kert. Hang such a place!

Dor. But you sha'nt be forsaken; we are poor, but we can at least give you shelter till you are better suited.

Kert. Bless you, Sir! I'm not sorry to find a nest, for look ye, Miss, [*turning his pocket inside out*] there's my treasury!—A poet's purse! not the sixteenth cousin of a farthing! they owe me three months wages yonder, but let 'em keep 'em and welcome. Money from such a quarter brings bad luck—but I should like to have my goods and chattels out of their clutches—no great things indeed—but one has a sort of brotherly kindness for ones clothes, and I've had mine so long, that 'twould be ungrateful to desert 'em in their old age, so, if you please, I'll go and hunt 'em up.

Dor. Aye, lad, go, go. (*Exit Kertzler.*) Adeline!

Adel. Father!

Dor. Come to me, dear child, how happened it Adeline that when you went out yesterday to pass the night with your sick cousin, you should have been thus decoyed to day into the house of a stranger?

Adel. Pardon me, dear father, I have been so much flurried, so—

Dor. Aye, your hand burns, Adeline. You are not well.

Adel. No, no—I am not well, not well; this evening you shall know all—(*aside*) Aye, this evening all will be known.

Dor. Why not *now*? if you require counsel, at once speak freely. Oh, my poor girl! it is impossible there should be any friend, so faithful, so disinterested as a parent. Children think hard of the checks we put upon 'em, but their waywardness costs them many a bitter tear afterwards.

Adel. (*deeply agitated,*) I know it, father. Dear father, Oh, I know it—I know it, (*kisses his hand impassionedly*)

Dor. Something weighs heavy upon your *mind*, Adeline, open your heart to me, my daughter—Is *Fabian* the cause? you shudder—Adeline, I have long warned you against that young man. I have long feared that his instructions, and the facilities he obtained you for the disposal of your drawings, were only part of a base scheme, you thought merely of the aid they gave in the support of your poor father; but they were only part of a base scheme.

Adel. (aside) Misery! misery!

Dor. Had his purposes been pure, he would have made known his connexions, explained where he came from, you cannot judge of him so clearly as I can, Adeline, partiality is all forgiveness, and he who would seduce, changes form hourly, to meet each new doubt.

Adel. Oh, father!

Dor. I thought I had induced you to give him up; you have not been candid with me, Adeline, when a young girl has concealments from a parent, there is cause to tremble, lest she next become unfaithful to herself!

Adel. (aside.) Heart! heart!

Dor. Death will presently separate us, my child!

Adel. Father, in mercy spare me! this evening—
(*aside*)—aye, this evening!

Dor. Well, well,—calm yourself my child; but be persuaded, give up *Fabian*! there is no enemy so dangerous as the lover who cannot be seen with prudence!—The more guileless his object, the surer to become his victim.—Ah, give up *Fabian*! dear daughter! if you respect my happiness, if you value your own peace of mind, may heaven make you feel that you ought to give up *Fabian*!

Adel. I do father---I feel it now---I *will* give up *Fabian* (*wildly.*)

Dor. For ever?

Adel. (wildly.) Aye, for ever!

Dor. Then I shall go down to my grave in peace.

Enter Kertzler, suddenly.

Kert. Not a soul to be found! Pandemonium's empty, and the devil's are out prowling.

Dor. Lead to my chamber, daughter, I need repose—Kertzler, Adeline, will show you the room you're to sleep in: [*rises*] I wish it were a better one, Kertzler.

Kert. Never mind me; There's something here—[*putting his hand to his heart.*] that would make me sleep soundly any where.

Dor. Come, daughter, come.

[*Exeunt Dorlin and Adeline into the left hand chamber.*]

Kert. [*alone*] Poor girl! how she seems cast down; ah, if the old gentleman knew—but no,—mum! not a word from me, its no affair of mine—she got into damnable hands, poor dear!—men are great rascals! Such things make me feel ashamed of belonging to the race; and then I wish myself a dog, for at least they've honesty to recommend them. [*Enter Adeline, thoughtfully, not noticing Kert.*] Miss!

Adel. (*as if struck with a sudden resolution*) Yes! yes!—Kertzler, should you be afraid to go back for me to the house we came from?

Kert. Afraid, Miss? what should I be afraid of? afraid of them! ha! ha! ha! its rather their place to lower their heads when I walk by.

Adel. Then, good Kertzler, run thither, and endeavour to find out the true address of Fabian, I am going to write a letter, which I wish you to deliver, not there—but at his own house.

Kert. His own house? aye, Miss, I'll find it if any body can, and quickly too, for the pleasure of serving you puts wings to my heels, and joy in my heart. (*runs out*)

Adeline, goes slowly to the table; sits and writes.

“Fabian ere I yield to the last despair, I wish to see you:

'till your lips have confirmed the fatal truth I cannot believe it. Come! restore peace to Adeline's heart, and to my poor father's. Great heaven, should it be true, you would bring two unhappy creatures to an untimely grave! I cannot live without loving you; but I cannot love you, if you no longer deserve my esteem; come and convince me that you still merit both! Your faithful Adeline—till—death!—

She folds and seals the letter. Dorlin calls from within the chamber.

Dor. (within) Adeline.

Adel. Well, father!

Dor. (within) There was a knock at the street door.

Adel. I did not hear. (*aside*) Should it be he?

Rises agitatedly, putting her hand to her heart.

Dor. [within] I am certain—Look out.

Adel. [throwing open shutters, wildly to herself, after looking out] Fabian!

Dor. [within] Am I not right?

Adel. [faultering] Yes, father.

She totters to the door, and makes a sign to Wilhelm not to shew himself.

Dor. [within] I knew I was not mistaken.

Adel. [approaching her father's door] Father!

Dor. [within] Well, why don't you go to the door?

Adel. I'm going, father—but first let me ask one favour.

Dor. [within] What is it?

Adel. Allow me, only this once and for the last time, to see Fabian without witnesses.

Dor. [within] 'Tis he, then?

Adel. Yes, my father.

Dor. [within] Without witnesses! for what reason?

Adel. You shall know another time—I do not wish to conceal any thing from you.

Dor. [*within*] Well, be it so; but remember, it is the last time; bid him farewell, 'tis for the last time.

Adeline shuts the door of her father's chamber, opens that which leads to the outside, and returns tottering, to take her letter. Wilhelm enters, wrapt in a black mantle; his hat drawn over his eyes: he comes in cautiously, closes the door after him, looks round the room; approaches Adeline with trembling. Adeline with one hand hides her face, and with the other holds out the letter; then, falls on a chair. Wilhelm is deeply agitated while reading the letter, and when he has finished it, throws himself on his knees to Adeline.

Count. My best beloved!

Adel. Fabian!

Count. Look on me, Adeline!

Adel. I cannot, till I know my fate.

Count. Wretch that I am! [*aside*]

Adel. You have—read—

Count. Yes.

Adel. What is your reply?

Count. That I love you more than life.

Adel. Speak the truth, Fabian, am I your wife?

Count. My heart is wholly yours—no other can possess it.

Adel. Answer without evasion, to your honour I appeal, —am I your wife?

Count. Yes—before heaven!

Adel. (*hesitating*) A—and—before—the world? [*Count sobs deeply and casts down his head; Adeline rises and hides her face with her hands.*] Then it is so! [*a moment's silence in which Adeline seems to have taken a firm resolution.*] Tell me the *whole* truth; now I can bear the worst—be quick! the moments are precious! they are the last, we shall pass together upon earth!

Count. [*violently.*] What say you Adeline!—you cannot mean——

Adel. Speak lower; my father is in that room, have

some regard for his life, and your own; for should he even suspect the truth, your blood would scarcely satisfy his vengeance. 'Tis hard to receive my death-blow at your hand, yet I would bury your crime with me in the tomb—I would have you live, Fabian, and live not hated by my father; that you may be allowed to come hither, and sometimes weep with him o'er the memory of his child. This is the only proof of love still left me to bestow.

Count. (aside) Execrable villain!

Adel. Draw that chair hither, Fabian. Sit down, here, by my side.—Hush! softly! (*Count draws the chair, and sits by her.*) It will shortly be two years, since, both seated in this very spot, you expatiated on the bliss of loving, and I had the weakness to believe you: you fell at my feet and you exclaimed—"Before the Deity, Adeline, I swear my heart is yours;—eternally, unalterably yours!" Who would have thought—ah, who—that in the same spot, after two years, I should have had cause to reproach you with such a base deception!

Count. I did not deceive you, Adeline. I love you still, wholly, madly! still, as I loved you *then*.

Adel. No, I cannot believe that *then* your views could have been dishonourable. [*Count hides his face, and sighs heavily.*] Fabian, is that sigh all that my sacrifices for you deserve? is it all I am to hope for in exchange for the anguish you have made me suffer: the long sleepless nights of struggles against my reason, and of prayers that heaven would smile upon us? is that all I am to receive for a father's malediction?

Count. I am unworthy of you!

Adel. Unworthy? Explain—are my poor father's warnings to be fulfilled? Fabian, if you loved me—if you still love me, why am I not in truth your wife? Why was I abused by a false ceremony?

Count. Could my heart's blood repair the wrong——

Adel. Fabian, it is not too late; prove that you are sincere! the wrong may still be repaired

Count. Never—an obstacle—insurmountable——

Adel. Insurmountable! You are not then an orphan?

Count. No.

Adel. Why have you not made me known to your friends? that might have removed the difficulty; *they* might have loved me too.

Count. I—did not—dare!

Adel. [*rising*] Not dare?—powers of mercy! what new bolt hangs o'er me! are you not the poor artist? Speak—abuse me no longer! [*raising her voice*] *Who are you?* In the name of Heaven, who are you? (*violently*)

Dorl. [*rushing out*] What does this mean? (*loudly*)

Adeline darts between the Count and Dorlin, and placing her hand on the Count's mouth, exclaims rapidly—

Adel. Speak not—stir not!

Dorl. What does this mean?

Adel. Nothing, father—nothing. [*low to the Count.*] fly!

Dor. Nothing! whence those emphatic sounds?

Adel. [*low to Count.*] Hence I say;—fly—fly—(*aloud*) 'Twas only that—I called—[*aloud*—farewell—to Fabian—there—as he departed—that's all—that's all, my father.

Dor. Should he grieve you, let him beware!

Adel. Be calm, my father—'tis over now—we never meet again. Come to your chamber, father—come—There you shall know all.

Dor. [*going*] If he should wrong you, let him tremble girl!

Adeline conducts her father, making signs at the same time to Count to escape,

Count. [*alone*] Miracle of love and delicacy! none but a woman's heart could be capable of such magnanimity!

Going, meets Kertzler—who runs in, breathless.

Kert. Beg your pardon, sir, but I must see Miss Adeline instantly, sir,—instantly—

Count. What have you to tell her?

Kert. Tell her, sir! Good news, I bring her good luck—there's a fine lady, in a fine carriage, with four horses as fine as herself.

Count. A lady! a carriage! [*runs to the window, aside.*] Amazement! the Countess!—where can I hide—how avoid her?—I cannot go out unperceived, and Adeline and her father are both in that chamber——

Kert. [*catching the last words*] In that chamber! enough—I'll run and tell her. [*Exit Kert.*]

Count. [*alone*] What can bring the Countess hither—comes she by chance, or can she have suspicions? I hear her steps—a door! this room will afford me shelter.

Darts into the chamber on the right hand.—Enter Adeline rapidly following Kertzler.

Kert. No miss, she did not tell her name, but here she comes, and I dare say, she'll tell *you* if you ask. Hallo! what's become of him? gone! I must run after him then to give Miss Adeline's message.

Exit Kertzler. Countess enters: Adeline offers a chair, which the Countess refuses, gazing at her in silence.

Adel. May I ask, madam, to what I am indebted for this honour? your eyes are fastened on me, as if they would read my very soul? may I ask the cause.

Countess. Curiosity—your name?

Adel. Adeline.

Countess. (*with a bitter smile.*) Indeed, fair Adeline, I no longer wonder at the violent passion you inspire.

Adel. Who has dared—

Countess. Your messenger should have been more

reserved I allow;—intrigues should be managed more discreetly.

Adel. I am poor, madam, but I must decline listening to such language?

Countess. Less loftiness young lady, would suit better with your situation.

Adel. (*starting and aside*) Great heaven! can it be known already—

Countess. Why cast down your eyes? you possess what more than one noble dame has sighed for in vain, in the love of Count Wilhelm—

Adel. Madam, you are under some strange mistake, I have no knowledge of any person of that name.

Countess. Do not attempt to impose on me—I know all—the Count has been traced, and what I have learned from the lad you sent to the house, confirms the motive and the object of his frequent disappearance.

Adel. (*aside*) Fabian spoke of an unsurmountable obstacle—

Countess. For two years you have received the visits of a young man.

Adel. Yes, Madam, —a poor artist, a teacher of drawing, by the name of Fabian. But from the first moment I saw him, till—this—very day, I have never doubted the purity of his intentions.

Countess. Be undeceived, then; Fabian, and Count Wilhelm are the same; and ere you listened to his love, you should have assured yourself, that he had a right to dispose of it.

Adel. A right? How—is he then?—

Countess. He is already married!

Adel. Married! no, no!—I will not, cannot think it! and his wife—

Countess. Is now before you.

Adel. Oh, lost, betray'd, dishonour'd!—where shall I hide me from my father—where shall I bury me from

myself?—Oh, my parent, thy prediction is fully accomplished! my last hope is torn from me, and misery and shame are all that are left for Adeline!

Countess. (*aside, much affected*) I have been too hasty--- spite of myself I feel---

Adel. Madam, I am wretched, but do me justice; I am not criminal, I have been betrayed, grossly betrayed by a holy ceremony, in which honour, truth, and heaven itself have been defied!

Countess. What! are you married then?

Adel. I believed I was.

Countess. When?

Adel. Last night.

Countess. Where?

Adel. At a chapel in the suburbs.

Countess. Where is your certificate?

Adel. I have none---the ceremony was false.

Countess. You have cause to weep, but not to blush--- the Count is the offender---his crime renders him a much greater object of pity than you are.

Adel. (*mournfully*) Than I am!

Countess. But you shall not be forsaken, Adeline; I mourn for you, and I will protect you; come to my arms! they were ever open to innocence oppressed!

Adel. What? *you* weep---*you*, who have so much cause to hate me!--

Countess. Come hence with me, dear girl---

Adel. With you, Madam? I---I---my mind unsettles--- what will become of my poor father? he is blind,--- infirm---he has no friend but me.

Countess. He *shall* have one---lead him hither.

Adel. Oh, no! no! no!--but you won't forget him?

Countess. Never! (*Adel. kisses her hand wildly*) you shall share one cottage---far hence---secure from your betrayer. To-morrow all shall be arranged, to-night there are

rejoicings at our chateau for our sovereign's birth day ; but, to-morrow, my first thought shall be of you.

Adel. And I may be sure you wont forget my father ?

Countess. Certain.

Adel. I am easier now !

Countess. Farewell, dry up your tears—to-morrow——

Adel. To-morrow ! [*with an expressive unalterable resolution.*]

Countess. Early—remember !—

Adel. To-morrow ! let me go with you to the carriage—I would converse with you while I can—to-day—while I can—to-day—

Exeunt: At the same moment Wilhelm rushes out of the right hand chamber, and Dorlin out of the left.

Dor. Who's there ?

Count. (*aside*) Dorlin !

Dor. Who's there ? answer !—if it be you, accurst seducer, you stir not hence.

Count. I will not, but in mercy raise not your voice—

Dor. Spite of myself, I've heard enough to know that you've wronged my child !

Count. Every atonement that can—

Dor. Atonement ! there is but one—marry her !

Count. I would, but *cannot*—ask what else you choose.

Dor. How ? not marry her ? what dare you then propose ? what atonement ? Hark ye, if I find a robber beneath my roof, I strike him dead. You are the worst of robbers ! you have stolen our present happiness, our future hope ; and yet you live ! I might have sacrificed you, and yet you live ! but I have been thirty years a soldier, and I never yet lifted my arm against a foe defenceless ; still, vengeance must have way, there's only one course left.

[*Goes to the table, feels for the drawer, opens it, and takes out a pair of pistols.*] Give me your hand, take that pistol—[*Forces a pistol into Wilhelm's hand*] at the signal, fire!

Count. What! make a murderer of me!

Dor. You are already the worst of murderers.—True, I am blind, but guided by heaven and vengeance, my hand can still strike death into your heart!

Count. Strike! I deserve the worst.

Dor. Not alone! are you ready!

Count. Never!

Adeline enters, shrieks, and rushes between them.

Dor. Away girl! why come you here?

Adel. (*aside to Wilhelm*) Save yourself!

Dor. Wretch! defend thy life!--(*Dorlin fires towards the door, and then listens.*)--Is he dead?

Adel. [*falling on her knees*] No! thanks to heaven!

Dor. Where are you, girl? where are you?

Adel. Here, my father.

Dor. Come near me, unhappy child! you now see the fruits of your disobedience, you now see what it is to brave a parent's warnings!

Adel. I am sufficiently wretched. Do not drive me mad.

Dor. I accused Providence, and I was to blame;—'twas in kindness my sight was taken away, 'twas to spare me the agony of beholding that shame stricken brow of yours,—that brow once beautiful with the white rose of innocence; now torn thence and withered! could the dead know the desolation of the living, your poor mother would rise from her grave to make you feel what a paradise you have forfeited!

Adel. Father? grant me your pardon! my heart thirsts

for it ! you could not hesitate if you knew all ! don't, Oh, don't refuse it !

Dor. My pardon ?

Adel. Aye, father : it is of deep, of dreadful import to me---

Dor. My pardon ? well---be it so---take it.

Adel. (*raptuously*) Did I hear a-right ?

Dor. Take it, but on one condition !

Adel. Speak !

Dor. Kneel down, and utter what I command,---(*Adeline kneels, Dorlin grasps her hand, and speaks with violence.*)

May Heaven's bitterest curses follow the seducer !

Adel. Hear not, Oh heaven, the accents of his wrath !

Dor. Repeat, or indignation---

Adel. Never ! he has destroy'd me, but I cannot curse him !

Dor. False girl ! let anguish wring thee !---anguish !---anguish !

Adeline attempts to follow Dorlin, who throws her off---and the curtain falls.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE: A VAST GARDEN: ON THE RIGHT HAND, A STAIRCASE WINDING UP TO THE ENTRANCE OF A RICH ROTUNDA, WITH LARGE STAINED GLASS WINDOWS, SEVERAL OF WHICH ARE VISIBLE AND PRACTICABLE. ON THE LEFT, A SPLENDID TERRACE RESTING ON MARBLE COLUMNS, BETWEEN WHICH, ARE MAGNIFICENT VASES, FILLED WITH FLOWERS. IN THE BACK GROUND, A RIVER, BORDERED WITH WEEPING WILLOWS, OVER WHICH THERE IS A VERY ELEVATED CHINESE BRIDGE. EXOTIC PLANTS AND TREES, PICTURESQUELY GROUPED, RENDER THE SCENE PECULIARLY BEAUTIFUL AND ROMANTIC.

Liveried servants descend from the bridge, and others come on through the columns. They range along the back.

Enter Prince Durstein from the top, over the bridge, followed by Albin and another servant.

Prince. The boats that are to row for the prize are all ready on the river, you say?

Albin. All, my lord.

Prince. 'Tis well, I trust the sports will be worthy of the sovereign for whose birth day we rejoice. [*To one of the servants*] Go, look to the feast for those who gain the prize. [*Exit Servant*] And do you, [*to Albin*] see that all is in order for the dance that is to welcome the arrival of the conquerors. [*Exit Albin on the right hand: the Prince is going on the left, but suddenly turns.*] Stay, let me see that every thing is properly disposed in the Rotunda.

The Prince goes up into the Rotunda. Part of the servants follow him, others go out through the columns; and others at right hand upper entrance. The Prince is seen in the Rotunda, and presently disappears in an inner room with his train. Wilhelm has appeared on the Chinese bridge, from the left hand, but seems to fear his father, and does not descend till the Prince disappears, when he comes down and encounters Remberg, who enters through the columns.

Baron. What! Wilhelm, always in the dumps? What's the matter now, my good friend?

Count. The Countess has seen Adeline.

Baron. Your wife?

Count. Dorlin knows all—nay, more, he has found his way hither, and insists on speaking with my father.

Baron. Your father?

Count. I shall be publicly exposed; disgraced by my father and the sovereign; and all through your perfidious counsels.

Baron. It was your own fault that you followed them.

Count. But you shall answer it—your heart's blood shall pay the loss of Adeline and honour; or at once crown your work, take my life, since you have taken all I wish to live for—take my life, for now 'tis worthless.

Baron. You're exceedingly kind to make a present of what you consider as worthless. We'll talk about that when we've more leisure; but just now we've other business. My friendship is more considerate than yours, and I must keep you out of harm's way. Who told you Dorlin was here? Perhaps it's a mistake.

Count. I saw him in the anti-room with Kertzler.

Baron. Indeed! that's tolerably conclusive. [A sudden thought seems to strike him---aside] A lucky thought that!—There's nothing like a cool head to get one out of a scrape—[to Wilhelm] pray you, send your trusty valet, Gratz, to me.

Count. What have you in view?

Baron. You shall know all when 'tis accomplished—

find your father; don't leave him, and contrive to keep him in conversation.

Count. To what end?

Baron. There's no time to explain—Run for Gratz.

Count. Think not to make me longer the accomplice—

Baron. You'll find all right, depend on it. We'll fight to-morrow, if you like; but to-night, for mercy's sake, let me get you out of trouble—Be quick, I say! be quick!—send Gratz. To-morrow choose your weapons, and I'm your man.

Count. Aye, sir, to-morrow Adeline *shall* be avenged.

[Exit Wilhelm.

Baron. (alone) So much for bringing lovers together! Hey!—'The very thing!—Here comes Gratz. [*Enter Gratz*] There's an old blind soldier in the anti-room, with a country lad by the name of Kertzler. Go, lead him this way; be sure you bring him *alone*, Gratz,—mind,—*alone*—Tell him *the Prince* sent you—mind—*alone*, and from the Prince. [*Exit Gratz, through the columns.*] The dotard can't remember my voice, 'twas but a moment, and we were all in a bustle. Its a dangerous alternative, but "Of two evils choose the least."

Enter Dorlin, led by Gratz..

Dor. Where is Prince Durstein? Where is he:

The Prince appears at the window of the Rotunda, facing the left hand Wings. Remberg being between the Rotunda and Dorlin, has his back turned to the Prince.

Prince. (to himself) Sure some one called me.

Baron. I am Prince Durstein. What would you have with me?

Prince. (aside) Ha!

Closes the window, and changes his place to another facing the Audience, which he opens and stands listening at.

Dor. (kneeling) At your highness' feet I fall—

Baron. Rise good old man! [*Raises him---aside to*

Gratz] Take this purse to Kertzler; say the Prince sent it as a reward for his fidelity, and be sure that you see him safe out of the house; then return to me, here. [*Exit Gratz through the columns. The Prince is seen to call one of his attendants from the inner room of the Rotunda, and to give him orders. The attendant instantly descends, passes along the back of the Garden, and follows Gratz through the columns.—To Dorlin*] Speak freely. What? is your object?

Dor. Justice and vengeance!

Baron. Justice! On whom?

Dor. A wretch who stole into my house, and robbed it of my only treasure!

Baron. What treasure?

Dor. A daughter's virtue.

Baron. (anxiously) Indeed! who is this person?

Dor. Fabian, he calls himself.

Baron. (aside) I breathe again!

Dor. But I have cause to think 'tis a false name, and that his family is noble.

Baron. On what grounds, dare you cast such odium on a noble family?

Dor. His intimacy with one Baron Remberg, the most dissolute, the most depraved—

Baron. [uneasy] Not so loud.

Dor. Not so loud, my lord? would that I could fill the land with my malediction on the wretch, who has thus outraged Heaven! 'tis he, 'tis this vile Baron, who betrayed my poor girl into his own abode, the haunt of every profligacy.

Prince. (aside) Can I trust my senses! (*Gratz appears*)

Dor. On him and his accomplice, I call for justice. [*Remberg, who during the whole Scene, seems uneasy, turns up the stage to look out, for fear of Dorlin's being overheard, and meets Gratz; which leaves Dorlin on the stage, as if really addressing the Prince in the Rotunda*]

I appeal not to the minister, but to the father; you have a daughter, my lord, and you can think what it is when a father's heart is broken! if the laws be impotent, I invoke the king's authority! thirty years have I fought for his father and himself, and never yet asked a favor. Can he refuse the prayer of his old soldier? (*By this time Remberg has resumed his place, and in the agitation of the concluding sentences, Dorlin catches his arm. Remberg trembles*) I claim a signal vengeance! A vengeance to strike terror into the titled, and the wealthy youth, who heedless of the example they ought to set their inferiors, seek among them for victims, laugh o'er the fall of humble innocence, and mock the desolation of the poor man's home!

Baron. [*aside*] He makes me shudder. At all risks he must be got rid of. [*aloud*] Old man, you shall have justice; we will speak more of this anon. They will lead you to my study, wait for me there---doubt not, you shall have justice.

Prince. [*aside*] Aye, justice *shall* be done!

Baron. [*aside to Gratz.*] Lock him into your chamber; when it is dark, in the bustle of the fête, we can easily get him out unperceived. [*aloud to Dor.*] In the study---farewell.

Dor. The mourner's blessing on you!

Gratz leads him out through the columns. *Remberg* harries up the stage, and exit.—The *Prince* descends rapidly, followed by a *Servant*.

Prince. Come hither, Paulo! [*Paulo comes forward*]

Paulo. My lord!

Prince. Is that soldier known to you?

Paulo. No, my lord.

Prince. Follow him and his conductor, keep them in view, and above all, prevent their departing hence. [*Exit Paulo through the columns.*] The sovereign shall know this reprobate; such friends do monarchs more harm than their foes. How often is the ruler hated for the vices of the servant, whose real character he is the last to know.

Adeline appears gliding over the bridge, pursued by the Servant Albin, who gets before her, as she descends to the back part of the stage.

Albin. You can't see him to-day, Miss; I tell you his highness is not at home.

Prince. He is always at home to the unfortunate! [*Albin takes off his hat, and recedes.*] Come hither, child——

Adeline approaches—the Prince makes a sign to Albin, who retires through the columns.

Adel. [*faultering, and aside*] The father of Fabian! ah, why am I not permitted——

Prince. What makes you weep, my child? collect your spirits; I would be the father and the friend of all who suffer.

Adel. Would—would I *might* call you father!

Prince. Do so: speak freely, my daughter.

Adel. [*aside, exultingly*] He named me daughter—The father of my Fabian, named me daughter!

Prince. Can I serve you?

Adel. Oh yes, much—very much.

Prince. How?

Adel. I dread—[*aside.*] nay, courage, Adeline,—'tis for your father, and the last service you can render him.

Prince. Speak.

Adel. An aged soldier,—his name is Dorlin,—he is infirm and blind,—he does not live far from here.

Prince. [*aside*] Doubtless the same who just now——

Adel. Dorlin had no means of support, but from the labours of Adeline, his only daughter——

Prince. You interest me—where is Adeline?

Adel. Dead,

Prince. Dead!

Adel. Aye, my lord, this very day. Spare me the rest—This unfortunate old man, who has served his country thirty

years with honour, will shortly be without the means of subsistence.

Prince. That shall never be; I will demand his pension of the prince; and if refused, I will, myself provide for him.

Adel. You, my lord? *you?* [*aside*] Fabian's father will provide for Adeline's! [*aloud*] God bless you, my lord—God bless you!

Prince. Whence this surprise? believe me, 'tis the noblest exercise of wealth to share it with the unfortunate. But why are you thus interested for this old man? Is Dorlin your relation?

Adel. Y—yes, my lord.

Prince. And your own situation, my poor girl?

Adel. Mine sir? I have need of nothing—nothing—In promising to protect my—Dorlin, I mean, you do every thing that can be none for me!

Prince. At least, let me see you again.

Adel. [*emphatically*] You promise, before Heaven, not to forget Dorlin?

Prince. [*with solemnity*] I promise.

Adel. [*rapturously*] Good angels guard you ever! Farewell—my Lord—my—father!—farewell—farewell!

Music.—the Prince recedes, then returns to Adeline, who kneels, and after some action, expressive of their respective feelings, the Prince retires.

Adel. (*alone.*) Yes, Adeline is dead! True, she still flutters at the horizon's edge, like light's last lingerings when the day is gone—one moment, and she's seen no more for ever!—I could not die in peace, and leave my father destitute; nor could I bear to think he should be dependent on the wife of Fabian! I feel 'twould make me easier could I see Fabian once more; when I see him with my rival—when I am convinced with my own eyes of his perfidy;

they may have deceived me ; I must know the whole truth ; all hope will then be gone, then Adeline will be no more ! (wildly) My father refused to pardon me—could I survive his wrath ?—my fate may shew me what it is to brave a parent's warnings. [*Sprightly music is heard at a distance.*] I hear his steps ! he comes ! let me stand aside—He——

Enter the Prince and Count Wilhelm.

Prince. Why do you hide yourself, my son ? I have sought for you every where ; Come, assist me to do the honours of the fête. Chase that gloom, this hour let all around breathe happiness and joy.

The Prince and Wilhelm Exeunt through columns. Adeline who has stood concealed by the staircase comes out, and follows Wilhelm intently with her eyes as long as she can.

Adel. How pale he looks—Oh, how dejected ;—it may be he repents !—it may be he loves, he pities his poor Adeline !—Oh, too fondly loved ! bliss and agony of my life ! how ! what do I say ? is my heart still weak, [*deliriously*]. Terrible and malignant spirit ! thou hast only risen with a false vision of rapture to cheat me ! I'll look no longer, lest thy spell-like presence charm away my sense of wrong, and make me think, 'tis I have injured thee ! Shroud me, Oh, shadows of the tomb ! forget me world ! all ties to thee are broken ! all rights on earth are forfeited,—all, all,—even to a father's tears.

Countess. [*within rotunda*] Seek for her on every side !

Adel. [*starts*] His wife's voice ! no, they have not deceived me !

Countess. [*within*] This way—this way—

Adel. She goes to join him—to receive the smile which cheated me,—to grasp the hand which has so oft prest mine. [*Shrieks and falls.*]

The Countess enters splendidly drest, followed by Albin and another servant.

Countess. 'Tis she! it is the unhappy Adeline! (*runs to her*). I feared it from the Prince's story of their interview, I feared she meditated some dreadful act! thank heaven I am in time to save her! Hear her in, let every attention possible be given her. (*They raise Adeline and take her out*) Oh, Wilhelm! Wilhelm! what a heart you've broken!--(*lively musick.*) They come! how ill the smile becomes the lip, while mourning's at the heart!

The Countess returns through the columns. Light music. The garden fills from all sides. The Prince and Wilhelm enter through the columns each leading a female elegantly dressed, and followed by Remberg, the Countess, and a train of lords and ladies; the procession enters the rotunda, all the windows of which are throw open, and the company seen within. A [train of liveried servants ranged within the columns. The bridge, and all the elevations are crowded with people.

A BALLET,

which being ended, the Prince and company descend.

Prince. Friends, accept our thanks, as you have deserved our praise. [*Albin runs on out of breath from the left hand.*]

Albin. (*to Countess*) My lady, my lady, the young girl, whom you gave in charge to us, found means to elude the watchfulness of the women, and has escaped from the chamber window.—

Countess. Disperse yourselves in all directions, and search for her friends. Quick, or she's lost. Follow me.

Exit Countess: the greater part of the company rush after her. Others hurry to the right, the elevations are presently cleared, and Wilhelm drag Albin down with him to the front.

Count. Gracious heaven! who is this girl? tell me her name!

Albin. If I am not mistaken, she calls herself Adeline.

Count. [*Frantic and rushing from side to side.*] Powers of mercy! Adeline! Adeline! where are you! where! Oh where!

A confused cry is heard from many voices without.

[*Voices without.*] There! there! there!

Adeline is seen to run up the rising ground from the left hand, then gliding through the alley from right to left, till she gains the centre of the bridge, thence she cries—

Adel. Fabian, farewell! Fabian, I forgive thee!

Throws herself from the bridge into the river. Wilhelm attempts to plunge after her, but is prevented by the servants, who seize and draw him to the right hand corner.

Count. Stand off! you shall not part us, give me my Adeline!

Dorlin rushes out from the columns, his arms extended.

Dor. The villain's here! I heard his voice!

Wilhelm in rushing towards the river is grasped by Dorlin.

Dor. Wretch! I have you in my grasp! you escape not now. (*seizes Wilhelm.*)

Prince. (*parting them*) What would you do?

Dor. Crush my child's seducer!

Prince. How! (*violently*) my son!

Count. (*looking off*) How, Adeline! they bear her hither

Prince. Behold your victim!

Adeline enters supported by four ladies.

Adel. Father.

Dor. My child!—Oh give her to my arms. (*takes her in his arms.*)

Adel. Your blessing!

Dor. Thou hast it child! thou hast it. (*Adeline dies*)
What! my child dead! dead!—(*falls back in the arms of those around him, and the*

CURTAIN FALLS.

THE END.

PQ Pixérécourt, René Charles
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P4V313 Adeline

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